Some Good in the World

By Vincent Warrington

Frowsy old Tim stood at the back fence of a neat garden and craned his neck to survey its environment. He expressed a sigh of relief and satisfaction.

"No doghouse, therefore no purp," he observed, blandly and encouraged.

Then his eye ran critically along a well-filled clothesline.

"Birdhouse, and little girlie's pinafores in the wash. They are human in there, sure," and he pulled open the gate and advanced to the rear doorstep.

Homeless, hungry, hunted from pillar to post, Tim braced up for a voluble appeal for food. He was really hungry. He knocked at the door, removed his dusty, ragged cap and prepared to be polite, but insistent.

"Lady," he began his set, artful speech as the door was half opened, "I'm out of work and—"

"I'm no lady. I'm Mrs. Burton's little girl," interrupted a childish voice, and Tim drew back abashed. Before him stood a child, wearing a kitchen apron strung round her neck a big spoon in her hand, assuming all the gravity of a seasoned housekeeper.

"Well! well!" chuckled Tim, lost in admiration and amusement, "you're sure a little woman, anyhow!"

Miss Nellie Burton viewed the stray caller gravely. She drew the door wide open.

"Come in, man," she directed with due dignity. "My ma has gone down to the store and I'm all alone getting lunch. Are you hungry?"

"I am that, ma'am," assented Tim, and the little one, fluttered at the mature designation, curtsied him to a seat at a table.

"I can't cook yet," she explained, "but I've got lunch and you can have some."

Tim's face was on a broad grin. The oddity of the situation entranced him. The child poured him out a cup of tea and placed a plate of cheese and another of bread and butter before him. Then, her chin resting in her hand, she sat studying him, alarmed as slice after slice of bread disappeared, yet overwhelming him with questions. He told her of his wanderings with the birds as his companions and the flowers as his friends, weaving quite a fairy story for his entranced auditor.

Mrs. Burton, coming home, barely suppressed a scream and turned white and trembled as she caught sight of the burly stranger at the table. But Tim reassured her. His eyes were

He Told Her of His Wanderings.

humid as he thanked his little hostess for the meal.

"I had one like her once, in the dead long ago," he said huskily. "I'll never forget this bit of kindness," and was gone.

Every morning for a week after that Mrs. Burton found a bouquet of flowers on the back steps. First it was buttercups, then violets, then May apples. The morning dew held their freshness and she guessed the donor, who had rambled the woods in the early dawn to procure these humble offerings.

Tim did not impose upon their kindness by calling again, but they heard that he had been ordered away from the isolated timber town and had disappeared.

He left behind him a vivid memory, however. In that hour when he had been the guest of little Nellie he had filled the child's mind with new thoughts of nature. Tramp, derelict as he was, poor Tim would have been a poet had not strong drink wrecked his life. His ardent listener had inspired him to dilate on the symbolism and romantic beauties of the wildwood.

For weeks Nellie talked of him, her head full of flower fairies, dew diamonds, starshine pyxies, all the quaint conceits on which Tim had dreamed in his long rambles in the woods. The wild flowers had helped the illusions until they ceased to come.

It was three months later, and falling leaf and faded flower had succeeded to the opulent bloom of the rich forest land. The little isolated settlement among the pineries was dozing daily in the haze of the smoke film borne down upon them lightly, but warningly, from the usual wood fires to the north.

Life went on in its usual monotonous routine at Woodville. There was constant discussion of the big forest fires, but they had been hitherto evaded, or diverted, or beaten out. Mr. Burton came into the house late one afternoon with a rather serious face.

"There won't be much sleep around here tonight," he observed. "Noticed the stray cinders in the air?"

"All day long," replied his wife. "It's the change of wind, I suppose?"

"With the big Badger forest in front of it, blazing our way and coming fast," declared Burton, alarmingly.

"Why, that is near—" began Mrs. Burton, flutteringly.

"So near that we'll have to fight it out or get it out when it strikes us tonight," was the ominous reply. "Where's Nellie?"

"She went off to the south woods after flowers," replied Mrs. Burton.

"She ought to be home," said the husband, and when it began to get on towards dusk he started out to hunt her up.

There was a double alarm for the solicitous parents as darkness came down. No trace could be discovered of the missing child. Over this the Burtons were frantic. The forest two miles to the north was all ablaze, the sky red as blood, the air heavy with smoke and cinders.

Mounted runners sent out to the north returned with the intelligence that the flames would be upon the town within two hours. There was but one course of action open—to flee the town and take to the lake a mile to the east.

Friendly neighbors had joined in the search for little Nellie. The woods to which she had gone were in the direct path of the fire. They had to return to the settlement after a vain quest to arrange for their own safety in flight. Burton intrusted his wife to their care. He renewed his search for little Nellie alone. The next morning, after a desperate retreat mile by mile from the fire, he crawled out from a quagmire where he had been forced to take refuge, and over which the flames had jumped to seize upon more combustible material beyond.

The Burtons, husband and wife, took up life's burdens anew, bereaved and depressed. They had found no trace of their lost darling in the burnt over area. Their home had been only partly burned down, as with some other buildings in the settlement. Submissively, but with heavy hearts, they set at work to make a new home.

The village cemetery had suffered no great devastation. At the end of a week a little white tombstone bore the simple name, "Nellie," above an empty grave.

It was ten days after the great fire that a man, hobbling along on a homemade crutch, passed through the little graveyard, leading a little child. Her hands were full of flowers. She suddenly paused before the new white tombstone.

"Oh, look! look!" she cried. "My name—just the same! Maybe it's some poor little child that was burned up in the big fire—just as I'd have been if it hadn't been for you, dear, dear Uncle Tim!"

Uncle Tim? Yes, otherwise Frowsy Tim—and Nellie, in life and reality! She ran and placed her flowers beside the gravestone.

"Don't delay, dear," spoke Tim. "They are waiting for you," and then, as they came to the remodeled home, he made her draw behind an old tree, while he approached the house.

Husband and wife were within. They greeted him with a pang. His presence revived poignant memories.

"Good people," he said, "I've news for you, but don't go to pieces. If your little one should return—"

They gasped in unison, swayed with a vague thrill.

"She will return," went on Tim, and called, "Nellie!" from the doorway.

He had a strange story to tell: of a swamp island where he had gone to live; of lost Nellie being discovered by him at the edge of the swamp; of the fire passing over their place of refuge; but he, crippled through a fall, unable to travel until he got well and strong.

"And this dear child was my housekeeper and nurse," explained Tim. "And because I have been able to save her, I can think of my own dear dead little one as glad that her poor, worthless old father has done some good in the world, after all."

Earth's Richest and Safest Spot.

English economists have declared that America's wealth grows $5,000,000,000 a year. Since the official estimate of our national wealth three years ago exceeds $178,000,000,000, the total today must now have passed beyond the $200,000,000,000 point. These figures are colossal beyond all compare. They mean $2,000 of wealth for every inhabitant. They represent more than double the wealth of the United Kingdom, our closest competitor, and they very nearly match the combined wealth of England, France and Germany.

Our wealth is ten times that of Italy, eight times that of Austria, and four times that of France. These leading European countries are now tearing at one another's vitals, and destroying property much faster than they can create it. Hence all Europe is today actually moving backward, while the United States is sweeping swiftly forward to a state of still greater opulence. Ours is the land of plenty, of peace and of opportunity.—Philadelphia Ledger.

As Mars Goes By.

This is war!

Along the white road rippling away eastward over the dimpled country the army motors were pouring by in endless lines, broken now and then by the dark mass of a tramping regiment or the clatter of a train of artillery. In the intervals between these waves of millitary traffic we had the road to ourselves, except for the flashing past of dispatch bearers on motor cycles and on hideously hooting little motors carrying goggled officers in goatskins and woolen helmets.—Edith Wharton in Scribner's Magazine.

Symptoms of Disease.

Red eyes, a "stuffy" nose, a flushed face, a tickling cough, a sore, hot throat—these are the early signs of scarlet fever, of pneumonia, of bronchitis, of typhus, of smallpox, of measles, and often of diphtheria. So that all that sniffles is not cold by any means. And to keep a safe distance from anyone showing this combination of danger signals, or any part of them, will protect us from a score of dangers.

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery—Their Care and Cultivation

Pansies.

COLORS IN ANNUALS

By L. M. BENNINGTON.

For summer flowering, annuals are very satisfactory, blooming profusely through the entire season, while the cost of a seed packet is but a trifle.

Good taste dictates the system of planting large bunches of single species together rather than the old way of mixing a dozen varieties in as many square feet.

It is the same plan that places a dozen carnations or roses in a vase rather than the heterogenous collection in the old-fashioned bouquet. Mass your flowers if you would secure the best effect.

The old calliopsis, "lady's breastpin" they used to call it, is a handsome plant, its long slender stems rendering it extremely useful for cutting, and the shades of gold and brown harmonizing nicely.

A mass of it next to the shrubbery in the background gives a most pleasing effect.

Some handsome forms of single dahlia may be secured by planting a packet of the seeds in pots early in the spring and transplanting the young seedlings to the garden as soon as danger from frost is over.

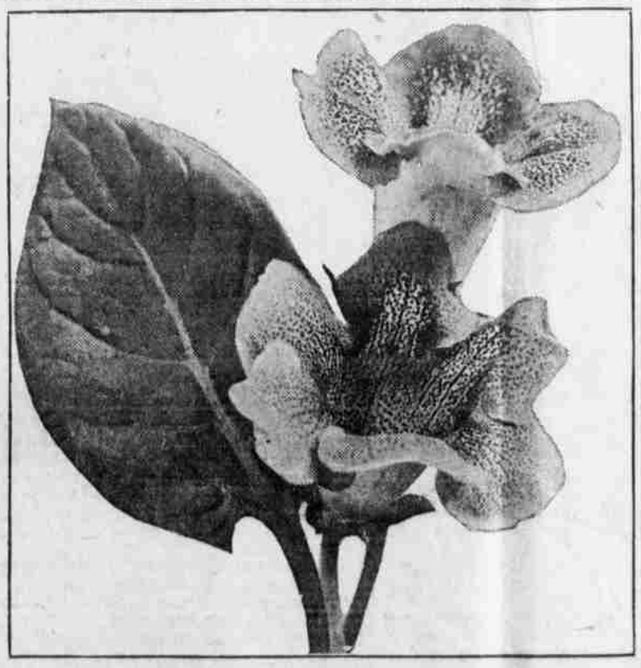
The colors of some are very fine and to one liking the single flowers the plan is a good one of getting a variety at a small price; but unless started very early these seedlings rarely mature tubers that will keep through the winter, though they commence flowering almost as soon as the plants are started from the tubers.

The chrysanthemum-flowered asters are much more pleasing, both grown in masses and for cutting, than the quilled bouquet sorts. If but two kinds are chosen, let them be lavender and white with rose as a third choice

When ordering seeds there is a strong temptation to order mixed packets, yet if the very finest specimens are expected, the surer way is to single out one or two of the choicest colors.

These are made up from the best individuals, while the mixed packets are what the name implies, though in many instances highly satisfactory.

With pansies for spring, sweet peas for summer, and asters for autumn, one may be sure of having an abundance of the most beautiful cut-flowers for all occasions.



Water the Gloxinia.

WORK-A-DAY NOTES

By L. M. BENNINGTON.

If the season is a dry one some of the plants in the garden will have to be watered if you want flowers from them. Especially is this true of gloxinia.

Use enough water to penetrate all the soil in which their roots grow, and see that it is kept moist.

Watering today and neglecting for a week to come isn't the proper thing. Save the suds from wash day for this purpose. The snap in the water will benefit the plants.

Be sure to supply substantial supports for your dahlias. If this is not done you will likely find them broken some morning after a sudden wind or a hard rainstorm. The stakes should be at least four feet tall—allow an extra foot and a half for insertion in the ground and they should be at least an inch through, and of good sound wood. Paint them a dull green and they will not be unpleasantly obtrusive. Tie the stalks to them with broad strips of cloth instead of strings. The latter will cut into the tender branches when they are whipped by the wind.

DO NOT OMIT THE SHRUBS

By JULIE ADAMS POWELL.

One corner of my garden shaded from the hot sun is devoted to herbs. If you have never had a herb bed this is a good time to plant one. I am going to add several herbs to mine this year and I give the list of those most useful. In some cases it is best to buy the plants, and such I note.

Three sage plants.
Three clumps of chives.
Two lavender plants.
Six roots of mint.
One package summery savory.
One package thyme.
One package winter savory.
Two plants of tarragon.
One package dill for flavoring.

Early Suffragette.

Militant-minded women were known in England before the suffragettes, one of whom lies in Henry VII.'s chapel—Margaret, countess of Richmond, its builder's mother, with her brass effigy by Torrigiano. She hated the Turk, and she made, as Camden reports, a sporting offer to the chivalrous of her day: "On the condition that princes of Christendom would combine themselves and march against the common enemy, the Turk, she would most willingly attend them and be their laundress in camp." That position of laundress to the Crusaders would have been an easy one, for it was the fashion to make vows to change no underclothing until the holy sepulcher was regained.

Old, Simple Names.

Tabitha and Dorcas are both names that owe their origin to the gentle gazelle—although Dorcas in its meaning suggests nothing of the animal's gentleness, for the name signifies dark and beautiful eyes.

SAVING TIME IN KITCHEN

Small Things About Which Housewives May Not Have Thought, but Which Count for Much.

Time saving is one of the chief problems of the busy woman, and it concerns especially the housewife who does her own cooking or has only one maid.

Here, for example, is how one woman saves time: When she makes pie crust she makes double the quantity needed at the moment, as pie crust rolled in a damp napkin and put in the refrigerator will keep perfectly for several days. Then she plans in the menus for the next few days to use that crust. A dessert or a fruit tart for the first night, turnovers for luncheon the following day, and if any crust remains it can be used in desserts, meat patties or cheese straws. By using the pastry in such a variety of ways she avoids the impression of sameness, yet manages to lighten materially her work of preparation.

Filling the ice box with scraps of leftover food is a waste of room—and usually of food; but this woman solves very neatly the problem of "leftovers." She never allows an accumulation; nevertheless, every scrap is used. For example, if there are a few string beans or boiled potatoes left from dinner they are immediately sliced into small dice-shaped pieces and put away in a bowl to be used for a vegetable salad at tomorrow's luncheon. Scraps of meat too small to be used in other ways are put through the meat chopper, and go to make sandwiches for tea.

Every dish that comes off the table is promptly attended to. If it be available for future use it is put away in a convenient form; if not available it is thrown away immediately. By this means the ice box is kept neat and clean, there is no waste by spoiling, and much time is saved.

SAVE BOTH TIME AND LABOR

Casserole Dishes Should Be Constantly In the Mind of the Housewife in the Summer.

The long list of casserole dishes are among the time and labor savers of the summer housewife. With everything cooked in and served from the same dish, table service, as well as dishwashing, is reduced to the minimum, while even a commonplace preparation is given a bit of elaboration by this process.

In the same practical category belongs the attractive serving of an occasional planked dish, surrounded by an alternating variety of vegetables. While in reality the meat or fish so served may have been broiled in the regulation way, it gains much in appearance if served in imitation of a planked dish, occupying the center of a large platter with the vegetables as a border. Mounds of mashed potato or boiled rice, alternating with mounds of some fresh vegetable, are quite sufficient, although more variety is easily possible. Vegetables served in this way make an attractive garnish, at the same time lessening the number of dishes required on the table.

How Japanese Boil Rice.

Every rice-eating community has its own methods of boiling rice. The Japanese wash the rice thoroughly in several waters, then carefully drain, and to each cupful allow one of cold water. It is then placed in a saucepan, covered tightly, and set over a brisk fire to boil quickly. This rapid boiling is kept up until most of the water is absorbed, the cover being kept on, and the water allowed to run over its sides, after which the saucepan is moved to the back of the stove and the rice allowed to cook slowly until perfectly dry. During the entire process the rice must be neither stirred, shaken nor tossed, but allowed to cook undisturbed, so that each grain will be perfect.

Strawberry Bread Pudding.

Soak one slice of bread in enough cold water to cover it for half an hour. Then press all the water from it and beat with a fork. Add a pint of boiling milk, two eggs well whipped, half a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of butter and a large cupful of sugar. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla and pour into a buttered baking dish. Just before placing in the oven drop in a cup of strawberries cut in halves. Bake till a nice brown. Then spread with butter and sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar. Return to the oven till a crust is formed. Serve warm with strawberry sauce.

To Fillet a Fish.

Remove the dark skin; cut down the backbone and slip the knife under the flesh, keeping close to the bone, till the fins are reached. Cut a fillet off of each side, turn the fish over and cut two more fillets off the other side. A good-sized flat fish will give four fillets. Smaller fish that are not flat should be divided into two fillets only. Weakfish, flounder, salmon, whiting, herring, mackerel, haddock and any of the larger fishes that have not too many small bones are excellent subjects for fillet.

Strawberry Pancakes.

Stir one-half teaspoonful of salt into one cupful of flour and sift three times. Beat the yolks of three eggs until light, add one cupful of sweet milk, stir the liquid into the flour, beat hard until very light, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake on a smoking hot griddle and serve two to each person with softened butter and crushed and sweetened strawberries between and powdered sugar sprinkled over the top.

Chocolate Cake.

Yolks of three eggs, well beaten; one and one-half cupfuls sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla, one-half cupful cold water, one-half cupful cocoa, little salt, one and three-fourths cupfuls flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Just beat well and add three whites of eggs well beaten last. It takes about forty minutes to bake. It is nice baked in a bread tin and frosted with butter frosting.

World's Tiniest Republic

SAN MARINO, the smallest republic in the world and the oldest state in Europe, did not have to make formal declaration of war when it entered the great European struggle, for ever since the war of 1866 betwen Italy and Austria San Marino has been technically at war with the dual monarchy. It really consists of a mountain and three villages and has a population of about 10,000. It is difficult to take a complete roll of the inhabitants because of the fact that many of the men are employed in other parts of Europe. The republic has no railroad, the visitor having to ride four hours in a diligence from Rimini, an Adriatic coast resort city. The area of San Marino is 38 square miles.

The highest point of the republic is Monte Titano, which rises a sheer cliff to more than 2,600 feet above the valley and, being a somewhat isolated spur to the east of the Apennines, is easily discernible from far out on the Adriatic and from the highlands of the Austrian border miles to the north. At the time of San Marino's military glory several hundred years ago the cliffs and the strong wall that climbed along their edge to Titano's summit were a defence against crossbows, javeline and catapults.

Upon Monte Titano the people have dwelt ever since there was a San Marino; its three summits crowned by towers are emblazoned on the coat of arms over the gates, and around it have clustered all the traditions and history of the state.

St. Marinus here laid the foundation of the little nation some 1,600 years ago. Addison said that San Marino had a nobler origin than Rome, in that the latter was at first an asylum for robbers and murderers and the former "of persons eminent for piety and devotion."

According to tradition the founder of the state was a Dalmatian stonecutter named Marinus, who after working for years at Rimini embraced Christianity and withdrew to Monte Titano to escape persecutions under Diocletian. His fame as an austere anchorite reached the ears of the noble lady to whom it belonged and she presented the mount to him and in addition a tract of land, thinking that Marinus, as was usual, in those days, would found a monastery.

He did this and more, for he founded a republic. Dying, he gave Titano to his disciples, recommending them never to abandon it and "to organize a civil society and live always in perfect communion and peace based upon principles of virtue." Marinus was canonized after his death. His body now rests in the principal church in the republic and his fete, which is the most important in the land, is celebrated on September 3.

Scenery Is Magnificent.

San Marino lies about twelve miles from the Adriatic coast and about the same distance from Rimini. Across the country from north to south is seven miles; from east to west, about five, scarcely larger than Manhattan island. It is wedged in between the provinces of Urbino, Pesaro and Forli. From Rimini an excellent road leads to San Marino through a rich, beautiful plain covered with olive trees and vines. As it ascends Monte Titano there is spread out a gorgeous panorama with the Apennines to the south and west and the Adriatic to the east; while far to the north stretches the Pineta that Boccaccio made famous in his "Decameron" and of which Byron sang in "Don Juan."

The road leads through the single gate into Borgo, near the base of the mount, the chief commercial village of the state. Here are the caves of San Marino's wines, which a seventeenth century poet said were "so pleasing, pure, grateful and good that they have no cause to be jealous of the clarets of France."

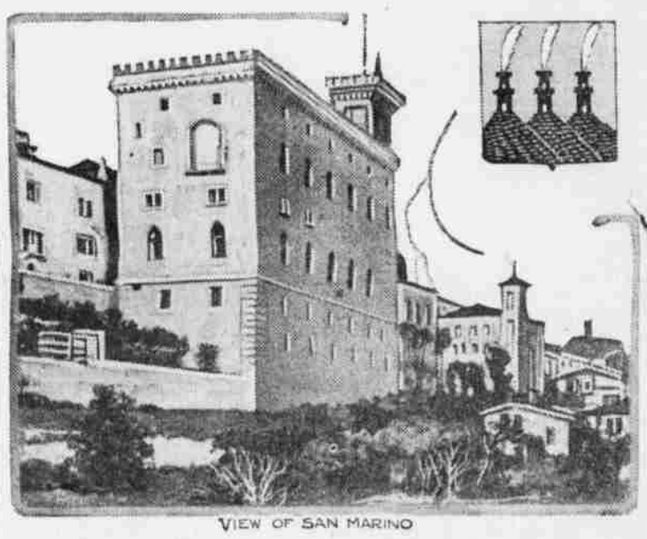
The narrow streets climb upward within the walls of the ancient citadel crowning the highest point of the mountain and to the small towers that mark the two other peaks. In the Pianello, the principal square, is the favorite statue of the San Marinese, a giant figure of Liberty, and nearby is the government palace. This is a more or less pretentious Gothic building that would do credit to a much larger and wealthier nation. Here is conducted most of the public business of the republic and here are the offices of the chief guardians of its affairs.

Ruled by Great Council.

The government of the republic is really in the hands of a great council of sixty, twenty nobles, twenty landowners and twenty peasants. The executive power is vested in two captani reggenti, who are selected twice a year. With this short tenure of office there is not much of an opportunity for oppression by the executive, and with the close surveillance of the state accounts and treasury exercised by representatives of the council of sixty there is still less chance for graft by the officials. The judiciary is peculiar in that the judges are not chosen from among the people of San Marino, but from a foreign country. The last two judges, who have held office for two terms of three years each, were members of the Italian bar.

San Marino has ministers plenipotentiary and consuls, the same as any other European country. She has a legation at Paris, and consuls at Lyons, Bordeaux and Marseilles, and she has a consul-general at Vienna and a consul at Trieste. Between the little republic and the United States an extradition treaty was ratified in 1907.

The quarries of San Marino, from which a fine quality of building stone is obtained, have been a great training ground for artisans in this industry. The vineyards have developed a number of expert wine makers who spend part of their time every year in France and Spain. As these wanderers seldom give up their citizenship they are always to be counted upon to swell the ranks of the army or the roll of the voters.



VIEW OF SAN MARINO

San Marino also has some salt mines which it uses to pay the captains regent a salary. The regents have the salt monoopiy during their term of office.

Since San Marino's streets all run at some precipitous angle drainage and sewerage is no worry. Nature handles that. Few horses are owned in the republic and in many cases the family cows have to climb down stairways to get their daily pasturing.

Life is not very exciting in this little republic. The people appear quite contented to look after their farms, stock and vineyards in much the same way as did their ancestors for generations past. The gathering of the vintage is a time for feasting and amusement, and the cattle sales are picturesque affairs to which the peasants bring their great mild-eyed oxen with coats groomed to a silvery gloss, necks and flanks decorated with ribbons and horns garlanded with flowers.

The great events, however, are the September fete in honor of the patron saint, St. Marinus, and the installations of the two capitani reggenti.

Arabian Horses in Ireland.

Much discussion has occurred among zoologists as to the origin of distinctively oriental characteristics among the horses of Ireland. Many have believed that the cause was the introduction, in historic times, of horses from the Spanish peninsula, possessing eastern characters. Not long ago, however, Scharff examined the remains of Irish horses from bogs, caves and crannogs, many of which he believes to have been wild horses, and he finds that these are quite as Arabian in their forms as any of the modern horses of Ireland, and even more so. His conclusion is that the oriental features of the modern stock are the result of inheritance from an original wild stock possessing those characters.

Disappointed.

"Did you enjoy the fair?" "I was disappointed in one thing," replied Mrs. Needlepate, who has gone in for country life. "I looked all over the cattle pavilion for an equinox, but I guess no one exhibited any this year."

For Mending Graniteware.

Graniteware is difficult to mend, but several methods have been found. Shellac varnish poured over thin places in graniteware, and the vessel held over the fire to thoroughly harden the shellac, will greatly lengthen the uses of the leaky dish. Another way to mend small holes in tinware, graniteware, etc., is to place the vessel to be mended upon a hot stove; put a small piece of sealing wax over the hole and let it melt—not only melt, but burn into the ware. Cool gradually.

Comfortable Bed for Baby.

Babies are carried on, or rather in, long pillows by the peasant women in Hungary. A baby is laid on the pillow, the end is lapped over and is usually long enough to come up to the infant's chin. A string is then tied around the pillow, holding it close about the youngster, thus making a snug and comfortable little bed.

In Some Spots.

The word "stylish" covers a multitude of offenses against good taste.—Albany Journal.